Wild West Drama Roped at Last by Musical Comedy. was bound to happen. We might have known it years ago when we saw

pale-faced Indian maidens go on the song-path and crouch in the spotlight with one eye on the gentlemanly orchestra leader. We might have war cry and shoot off a lot of noise. But we didn't know a thing There we

> what this means! It may mean, among There was a story behind the picture, worm-eaten desk, covered with files of a grand example of Kraft's theory of other things, that Buffalo Bill will find himself obliged to go in for vocal culture and lead a mounted chorus in the singing if he is conscientious about giv-

However, this is neither here nor Harlem. There, at the West End Theatre, you will find "The Flower of the Ranch," and what's more you will find the long-serving Western play caught fast in the musical comedy lasso. This feat has been accomplished by Joseph E. Howard, author, composer and hero the piece. Once it was done, Ned Wayburn took a hand and made it his ousiness to see that the songs and dances struck the proper Western gait. For the "Flower" of the piece Mr. Howard picked his wife, Miss Mabel Barrison, once a tabe in "Toyland." In "The Flower of the Ranch" Miss Otherwise the change in her is not were on a mush-and-milk diet, day is her birthday, and he is at a loss to know whether to give her a book or a kiss, she is old enough to remark, "I can't read." Belasco may give his

cho" dolls, but "The Flower of the Ranch" wants-well she doesn't helps herself to one of her husband's songs now and then and

to be kissed she has a jolly time rom: nakes serious demands upon her. Even the greaser-villain hides "those papers. the last act.

The poor greaser had a hard time of y on his villainy only to find himself pray, would expect to find Miss Behave Miss Fortune, Miss Taken, Miss Judge in broad daylight? But the big-" walked out in pajamas to "The Pajama and the Nightie."



Mr. Howard seemed to be very fond of his songs, particularly when he was

CHARLES DARNTON.

COURTSHIP AND INTERIAGE.

No Serious Intentions.

HAVE known a young man for the | WAS in love with a young lady, but of giving me a ring and of marriage, as I think I cannot live without Since then he has never sent the ring and never speaks of marriage in any of Perhaps you have offended the young

mean them in that way. As the young other girl. man lives so far : way and seems to have no serious intentions, I advise you Does He Love Her? to accept the attentions of some other Dear Betty:

A Lonely Girl.

Dear Betty: I would become acquainted with some nice young ladies, as I have very

Join a Settlement Club. There are many throughout the city. You will find many nice girls among the members who will no doubt be glad to welcome a stranger.

There are min and and tell you that he loves be shfulness and tell you that he loves you. In the mean time don't appear too cager for his love, for if he thinks you welcome a stranger. *****************************

Fer Love Grew Cold.

year. The last time I saw him he spoke out why she does not love me any more.

his letters. Do you think he loves lady in some way. If you have apolome?

D. D. gize for the offense and ask to be The young man must like you a good friends again. However, the girl may deal or he would not keep up the cor-be fickle and has simply tired of you. respondence. However, he did very If you have not given her real cause for wrong to lead you to believe that his ceasing to love you it is best to forget intentions were serious if he did not her by turning your attention to some

AM twenty-one and am deeply in love with a young man four years my senior, who is very bashful. I Dear Betty:

AM a young lady of nineccen and desire very much to join a club where I would become acquainted with

I would become acquainted with

I would become acquainted with

Health and Beauty. By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Not Tall Enough, &c.

crease your height. Why don't you join with a brush. This you do at your own a gymnasium and take a course in phy-risk. It is almost impossible to get the sical culture? Some of the physical hair the same shade every time, but if culture teachers give what they call the you are determined to make your hair "stretching exercises." Try to keep in lighter, I would caution you against good physical condition by eating sim- undiluted peroxide. ple, wholesome food; take deep breathing exercises and stay out of doors as Regarding Hands. much as possible. Sleep seven hours a night and don't smoke.

Dark Hair and Light.

what would restore your bair to Dry with a soft towel-

its natural color. If you want your hair a few shades lighter, first shampoo R.-If you are only seventeen it; then pour into a saucer a small there is no reason why, with quantity of peroxide and an equal quanproper care, you should not in- tity of water and apply to the roots

BERTHA W.—You can eventually overcome this soiled appearance of the hands by scrubbing them RACE—If you empty a bottle of well in warm water. Use a stiff scrubundiluted peroxide over your bing brush and a pure soap. Another head you will find that your hair way is to use plain corn meal, rubbing suddenly become extremely light. it well into the hands. Then rines in But you will not cease to regret it and clear water, and, while the hands are ild probably write again ask- still wet, rub in a little pure glyce.

DEMOCRATIC - WE

OSTENTATION!

MILLION DOLLAR

PERSON! HOW

An Adjustment of Nature Story By O. Henry, Greatest of Short Story Writers

"The chief thing at Cypher's (Eighth Avenue restaurant) was Milly. Milly was a waitress. She belonged largely to waiting, as Minerva did to the art of scrapping, or Venus of the science of serious flirtation. Pedestalled and in bronze she might have stood with the noblest of her Le-

Millions," by O. so I went home and let it drip out of a waiters' checks so old that I was sure the artistic adjustment of nature. She World.' * Our Goddess of Grub was fountain-pen. The idea of Kraft-but that is not the beginning of the story. (Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips Three years ago Kraft, Bill Judkins

(a poet) and I took our meals at Cyph-N an art exhibition the other day I er's, on Eighth avenue. I say "took." known it when we heard \$18 a week braves raise the Twenty-eighth street saw a painting that had been sold When we had money Cypher got it "off dering opaque the windows of his soul ters as "Liver and Bacon Enlivening to the control of the control for \$5,000. The painter was a young of" us, as he expressed it. We had no Once when we left nim unpaid with a not at all of the consequences. And larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences. And larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences. And larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences. And larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences. And larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences. And larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences, and larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences. And larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences, and larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences, and larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences, and larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences, and larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences, and larm out of the west named Krait, who are the consequences, and the consequences, are the consequences, and the consequences are the consequences. The consequences are the consequences are the consequences are the consequences. The consequences are the consequences are the consequences are the consequences are the consequences. The consequences are the consequences are the consequences are the consequences. The consequences are the consequences. The consequences are the consequen Well may you ask what has happened. Hef in the Unerring Artistic Adjustment and smouldering ferocity. It's this: The Wild West Drama has of Nature. His theory was fixed around in his sunless soul he was either a But the chief thing at Cypher's was been roped by Musical Comedy. Think corned-beef hash with poached egg. prince, a fool or an artist. He sat at a Milly. Mrlly was a waitress. She was

The Million-Dollar Kid

EXACTLY!

SIR' RIGHT.

AWAY, SIR

HEY! NIX ON THIS

30 CENT THING!

4 COLD QUARTS

DINNER, DARN CA

AND A \$50

OH! I JUST

LOVE ANYTHING

CABARET

30¢

NCLUDING

INK.

NE WILL DINE IN

THIS BOHEMIAN

PLACE , CARRIE!

IT SEEMS SO

POETIC AND

LITERARY IN/

HERE'S TO THE

SIMPLE LIFE!

WITH VILLCAR

WEALTH!

YOU THIS

PASSAGE !

TO ART! DOWN

the bottomest one was for clams that belonged largely to waiting, as Minerva Hendrik Hudson had eaten and paid for did to the art of scrapping, or Venus to built on lines so majestic that they could be fol-Cypher had the power, in common with the science of serious flirtation. Pedes-Napoleon III. and the goggle-eyed perch, talled and in bronze, she might have

of throwing a film over his eyes, ren- stood with the noblest of her heroic sis- taken us three musketeers in her two hands and

HELLO, CARRIE!

HERE ? AUH ?

DO YOU LIKE

CAN I SIT DOWN

SO DO I! I'M VERY

AND EVERY THING

LIKE AT!

DELICHTED, MR. MONK!

KIND, MR. MONK!

TAYLOR -

YOU ARE SUCH GOOD

FOND OF SIMPLICITY

dropped us out of the window." drifting Hudson River fog. There the screaming of "short orders," the if on the heels of a dog team and made nid the steam of vegetables and the cries of the hungering and all the hor- one of the mess at our table. With the rid turnult of feeding man, surrounded freedom of the camps he assaulted our by swarms of the buzzing winged beasts ears and claimed the fellowship of men By R. W. Taylor

roic sisters as 'Liver and Bacon Enlivening the

lowed only with awe. * * She could have

howling savages. Our Goddess of Grub was built on ines so majestic that they could be dried. He had just come off the "trail," followed only with awe. Her sleeves he said, at one of the North River ferwere always rolled above her elbows. ries. I fancied I could see the snow She could have taken us three musketeers in her two hands and dropped shoulders. And then he strewed the us out of the window. She had seen table with the nuggets, stuffed ptarmifower years than any of us, but she was gans, bead work and seal pelts of the of such superb Evehood and simplicity returned Klondiker and began to prate that she mothered us from the beginning. Cypher's store of eatables she poured out upon us with royal indifference to price and quantity, as from piling up from my claims. And now I cornucopia that knew no expansion. Her voice rang like a great silver bell; her smile was many-toothed and frequent; she seemed like a yellow sunrise on mountain tops. I never saw her but I thought of the Yosemite. And yet, somehow, I could never think of her as existing outside of Cypher's. There nature had placed her, and she had taken coot and grown mightily. She seemed happy, and took her few poor dollars or Saturday nights with the flushed pleasure of a child that receives an unexpected donation.

A Queer Peril.

It was Kraft who first voiced the fear hat each of us must have held latently. It came up apropos, of course, of cerain questions of art at which we were hammering. One of us compared the harmony existing between a Haydn and pistache ice cream to the exquisite symphony, congruity between Milly and Cy-

"There is a certain fate hanging over Milly," said Kraft, "and if it overtakes her she is lost to Cypher's and to us." "She will grow fat?" asked Judkins

"She will go to night school and become refined?" I ventured anxiously. "It is this," said Kraft, punctuating in a puddle of spilled coffee with a stiff forefinger. "Caesar had his Brutusthe cotton has its bollworm, the chorus girl has her Pittsburger, the summer boarder has his poison ivy, the hero has his Carnegie medal, art has its Morgan, the rose has its"-

"Speak," I interrupted, much per turbed. "You do not think that Milly will begin to lace?"

"One day," concluded Kraft, solemn y, "there will come to Ovpher's for plate of beans a millionaire lumberman from Wisconsin, and he will marry "Never!" exclaimed Judkins and I in

"A lumberman," repeated Kraft

"And a millionaire lumberman!"

signed despairingly. "From Wisconsin!" groaned Judkins We agreed that the awful fate seemed

to menace her. Few things were less nprobable. Milly, like some vast virgin stretch of pine woods, was made to catch the lumberman's eye. And well we knew the habits of the Badgers, were miserly with their funds, that the nce fortune smiled upon them. Straight to New York they hie, and lay their handful of silver and notes, calling for goods at the feet of the girl who serves all the fluids in the world to drown the hem beans in a beanery. Why, the imputation. alphabet itself connives. The Sunday newspaper's headliner's work is cut for

thing you read that puts poor, patient and raise an awful howl about Henri- "Of course, there isn't a food factory Wisconsin Woodsman." To the Rescue!

For a while we felt that Milly was

on the verge of being lost to us.

It was our love of the Unerring Ar-

requeathed us by Pharach, Milly steered lost in the wilds of a hash house. We er magnificent way like some great embraced him as a specimen, and in liner cleaving among the canoes of three minutes we had all but died for one another as friends.

He was rugged and bearded and windto us of his millions.

"Bank drafts for two millions," was his summing up, "and a thousand a day want some beef stew and canned peaches. I never got off the train since mushed out of Seattle, and I'm hungry. The stuff the niggers feed you on Pullmans don't count. You gentlemen order what you want."

The Man from the West, And then Milly loomed up with a

housand dishes on her bare armomed up big and white and pink and awful as Mount Saint Elias-with a smile like day breaking in a gulch. And the Klondiker threw down his pelts and nuggets as dross, and let his jaw fall half-way, and stared at her. You ould almost see the diamond tiaras on Milly's brow and the hand-embroidered silk Paris gowns that he meant to buy or her.

At last the bollworm had attracted the cotton-the poison ivy was reaching out ts tendrils to entwine the summer boarder -- the millionaire lumberman, thinly disguised as the Alaskan miner, was about to engulf our Milly and upset nature's adjustment.

Kraft was the first to act. He leaped ip and pounded the Klondiker's back. Come out and drink," he shouted 'Drink first and eat afterward." Judkins seized one arm and I the other. Gayly, roaringly, irresistibly, in jollygood-fellow style, we dragged him from he restaurant to a cafe, stuffing his pockets with his embaimed birds and ndigestible nuggets.

There he rumbled a roughly goodnumered protest. "That's the girl for my money," he declared. "She can at out of my skillet the rest of her Why I never see such a fine

irl. I'm going back there and ask her marry me. I guess she won't want o sling hash any more when she see be pile of dust I've got." "You'll take another whiskey and milk

ow," Kraft persuaded, with Satan's snille. "I thought you up-country felows were better sports."

Kraft spent his puny store of coin at he bar and then gave Judkins and me such an appealing look that we went down to the last dime we had in toast-

ng our guest.
Then, when our ammunition was gone and the Klondiker, still somewhat sober, began to babble again of Milly. Kraft whispered into his ear such a polite, barbed insult relating to people who miner crashed down handful after

Thus the work was accomplished. With his own guns we drove him from the field. And then we had him carted

"Winsome Waitress Wins Wealthy to a distant small hotel and put to bed with his nuggets and baby seal-skins stuffed around him.

Kraft Saves the Day.

"He will never find Cypher's again,"

This, I say, happened three years ago.

bage perfume, the grand, Wagnerian And about that time a little back de-"Indigestion, pickles!" she replied, chorus of hurled ironstone china and scended upon us three, and we were enabled to buy costlier and less whole-

seemed to fill all out-of-doors. But of all the picture's admirers who stood before it I believe I was the only one who longed for Boadicea to stalk from her frame bringing me corned-beef hash with boached egg.

I hurried away to see Kraft. His Satanic eyes were the same, his hair was worse tangled, but his clothes had

been made by a tailor. "I didn't know," I said to him. 'We've bought a cottage in the Bronx

with the money," said he. "Any even-"Then." said I, "when you led us agninst the lumberman-the-Klondiker

it wasn't altogether on account of the Unerring Artistic Adjustment of Na-Well, not altogether," said Kratt,

Size No Criterion.

61B UT, my dear boy," said the teacher to the elder of two honest-forced Provider honest-faced Russian boys was stood before her, applying in broken English for admission to the first grade; "my dear boy, I can't take

is five yet." "O, ja, he six, teacher."
"But he is very small for six yare,"
persisted the teacher.

your little brother. I don't believe he

"O, ja." said the elder brotner, eagerly. "ja, he got born small in Russia; but, please, he smart, he six."

A Boarding House View of the Tight-Wad Husband past eight years. He writes me every week, and I see him once a lis there a way in which I can find

By Joseph A. Flynn.

few acquaintances. How can I do this?

Join a Settlement Club.

There are

the peculiar things on e things on e things of hard-earned bones, sit in a crowded their bonnets, slam the door and blow her coffee, we need a change once in

things on e reads in the news papers." I remarked this morning, while walting for a lady apposite to relinguish the cream. "Here's an account the butcher bill for the past month and they there is an account the butcher bill for the past month and they there is an account the butcher bill for the past month and they the past month and the past month and the past month and they the past month and the past month and

Henrietta in the shade you think calls etta not putting anything to eat on the in the city that has anything on us table with all the coin they hand her, for the staff of life we hand out, but, "Take all the Johns that support beef- instead of supporting every dressmaker like the physical torture girlie on the

"Here's an account the past month and about a man in about a man in they go up in the air for fair and ask Newark admitting on the witness on the witness on the witness of the past month and "Take that fellow over there eating it is they go up in the air for fair and ask they go up in the air for fair and ask they go up in the past month and "Take that fellow over there eating it is the troubled with indigestion." Is he troubled with indiges two biscuits and with his right hand on dark night and tap the Millionaire Kid three more. He's a 'good demonstration?"

"Poor fellow," I remarked sympathet in murderer. No! In Cypner's she believely the past month and the past mont on the witness on the dome to support her and the tion, as Mrs. Starve-em calls it. That gazing in astonishment at the gentle-rattling casters.

stand that he intended to put his wife loves me and children on a diet of snowballs. Isn't it laughable?"

A. C. "I'm glad you think so," she replied. A. C. "I'm glad you think so," she replied. A. C. "I'm glad you think so," she replied. A. C. "I'm glad you think so," she replied. They ramble home the next night with a board fence appetite. Everything's on the table but some on the roll here for three years and less whole-whole gazing in astonishment at the gentle- matting casters.

Gerry. "Here's the funny part. They ramble home the next night with a board fence appetite. Everything's on the table but some on the roll here for three years and less whole-whole gazing in astonishment at the gentle- matting casters.

Our fears must have been prophetic, for on that same evening the wildwood appetite. Everything's on the table but same the next night with a board fence appetite. Everything's on the table but appetite. Everything's not the table but appetite. Everything's not the table but appetite. They ramble home the next night with a board fence appetite. Everything's on the table but appetite. Everything's not the table but appetite. Everything is not the following the same appetite. Ever

The Misunderstandings of Martha







By Marjorie Organ



